

THE WESLEYAN



Literary Publication of the World's Oldest Woman's College

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CONTENTS

SHORT STORIES

	Page
Special, Helen Bloodworth	3
Mold, Joyce Turner	9

FEATURES

Ah! Opera, Louise Wadsworth	7
Somehow Muddle Through, Alice Price.....	11
The Humiliating Umbrella, Helen Andrews	12
Book Review, Margaret Gaillard	6

POEMS

	Page
'Tis Strange, Winnett Turner	3
Sister Eve, Barbara Davis	10
Subtle Stillness, Mary Nell Sampley	11
Scribes' Page	8

EDITORIAL

Vistas, Illustrated by Priscilla Lobeck.....	5
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Cities of the World

Spirit of the modern age!
The hulk of skyscrapers.
Intricately spun bridges.
Black-browed smokestacks.
Kilns of dusky brickyards.
The hot glow of furnaces.
A factory's chatter and
the smooth hum of motors.

Voices of the present! We listen
to your sounds electric. We hear
your mocking laughter, your sobs,
your curses, and your cries of joy.

We see the faces of strong men bearing the
stamp of achievement and also the faces of
fear and insecurity; wrinkles of age; the
dead eyes of boredom; the fist of justice
and greedy hands clutching ill-gotten power.

Yet there comes the fresh breath of undaunted youth,
the miracles of the chemist, the astronomer, and the
magic of human thought. Blooming in the midst of gory
battlefields is a white flower peace, and resounding
deep into the hollow of night is the persistence of the
idealist hammering his anvil far in advance of his time.

Is there a canvas that can hold the ever-changing face of the present?
Can anyone hear, if even for a moment, the muffled feet of the future?

Special

HELEN BLOODWORTH



HE fallen autumn leaves rustled like taffeta as John walked up the quiet street. He was a good-looking young man; his sandy-colored hair crinkled as though it laughed continually, and his sparkling brown eyes seemed just as accustomed to merriment as his hair. His straight-forward look proclaimed to the observant person a sense of innate honor.

As he approached the broad steps to the house glistening in its splendor, his face became tense with anticipation. He waited impatiently for someone to answer his ring. When the door opened the solemn black countenance of the maid who looked out changed as if by magic into a broad grin of welcome.

"Howdy do, Mistuh John, come on in," she greeted him as she took his hat.

"Good afternoon, Carrie. Is Miss Sally in the living room?"

"Naw suh, Mistuh John. Her and Mr. Reeves went out about a hour ago. She say tell you to sit down and wait for her and she'd be back as soon as she could."

"Thank you, Carrie. I'll sit down in here."

A few minutes later the door bell rang again. He heard the anxious voice of the maid exclaiming, "But he ain't here, and Miss Sally ain't here. Nobody's here 'cept Mistuh John."

"And who is he?" John heard a gruff masculine voice growl.

"He's Miss Sally's fiancy."

"Well can't he do it?"

"I . . . I don't know, suh. I'll see." Carrie came timidly into the room. "Mistuh John, they's a man here with a special delivery letter for Mr. Reeves, an' he wants you to sign it if you will, suh."

"Certainly, Carrie, I'll be glad to."

When the formality was over, John carried the letter into the room with him to put it on the table for Mr. Reeves. For almost an hour he sat there quietly reading. The house was silent except for the melodious voice of Carrie as she sang one of the traditional spirituals of her race. At last John rang for Carrie.

"When Miss Sally comes, tell her that I'll be back soon. We're going out to

dinner, and it's almost time; so I will have to go dress."

"Yas suh," smiled Carrie as she brought him his hat.

A little while later Mr. Reeves and Sally came in. On receiving John's message Sally, with a smile of thanks to Carrie and a nod to her father, rushed upstairs to dress. Mr. Reeves went into the living room, got his letter, and walked back to the library. He carefully opened the letter and began reading it. As he

"TIS STRANGE

*To me it seems right strange, my captain,
That I should stand here guarding you.
You seemed a stern and noble man and
one not given to the play of small
emotions.*

*A fine career—almost. From West
Point then to a good army post—the
general's own pet.*

*Strange, the quirks of fate.
You murdered your wife. Why?
And now you are here in this dingy
guard house waiting for the scales
of justice to weigh your fate.*

*You will die for this—
Time and fate have tricked you, sir.
Had this been a time of war, and your
wife on the opposite side,
How differently then would the scales
have balanced—*

'Tis strange indeed.

—Winnett Turner

read his body became rigid and his eyes fastened tensely on the page. When he finished, he picked up the envelope, looked into it carefully, and then turned with surprise to the letter. Again he read through it, and again, he examined his desk, the floor, and the envelope. For a few minutes he sat there, looking in a puzzled manner at the letter. Then, as he heard Sally coming down the steps, he called to her.

"Sally," he began as she came into the room, "the letter was from Charles Forrest; he said he was sending me the two thousand dollars he owes me. But . . ."

"But what, Dad?"

"But there was no money in the letter. It's missing. And he says he's sending it. Here, you read the letter."

After Sally finished reading, she picked up the envelope. Mr. Reeves stopped her.

"It isn't in there. I've looked all around, and it isn't to be found. It wasn't there when I opened the letter." Just then the door-bell rang.

"That's Jack," exclaimed Sally.

"Please don't say anything about the money tonight. We'll wait."

"Okeh. But . . . not even to Jack?"

"Especially not to him," he replied.

"Not . . . But Dad, you don't think . . ."

"Not even to John," repeated Mr. Reeves.

With an inquiring glance at her father Sally turned and left him staring unbelievably at the letter.

A week slowly passed by. Sally, her father, and her fiance were sitting in the living room one evening when the shrill cry of the doorbell rang through the still house. The three people looked up . . . John casually, Sally and her father rather apprehensively.

"Mistuh Arthur calling, suh!" announced the maid.

"Show him into the library, Carrie," he said wearily. "Excuse me," he continued to John and Sally. "I'll be back soon."

As he went into the next room, Sally's eyes followed him fearfully. A few minutes later the murmur of conversation reached Sally and John.

"What's the matter, Sally? You seem like you're afraid something is going to happen. Is anything wrong?"

"No - o," she muttered, never looking from the library door, "but . . . well . . . I guess I just don't feel well tonight, Jack. Anyway . . ."

"Would you like to go out? Or maybe you'd better rest. I'll go."

"No, no!" she cried, terrified.

Just then the door opened, and Mr. Reeves entered looking downcast but determined.

"John, do you remember signing for a

special delivery letter for me last week, when Sally and I were away and you waited for us?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir, of course I do," came the surprised reply.

"John, there was almost two thousand dollars missing from that letter. Oh, John," he cried, "If you needed money why didn't you say so? I would have . . ."

"Mr. Reeves, do you think I took money from your letter?" demanded the outraged young man.

Seeing the indignation in his face, Mr. Reeves grew angry.

"You had to take it. It was in the letter, and Mr. Arthur, the postal inspector, said the letter had been opened and resealed. If you had had the sense to admit it, I would not have minded so much. But since you deny it . . ."

"I do deny it. I shall continue to deny it." Then turning to Sally, he asked, "And what do you think, Sally?"

"Oh, Jack, I'd like to believe you, but . . ."

"'Et tu, Brute'. Okeh. What are you going to do, Mr. Reeves?"

"I shall keep it as quiet as possible," he said, "but you must see that I'll have to tell the bank officials at your office."

"You'll do that without proof?" asked John.

"I have proof. Charles' sister says he can't be reached, but she saw him put the money in the envelope and she mailed the letter herself. That's the reason it wasn't insured, I suppose," he added, musingly.

"Do what you like," John flung out as he took his coat and hat. Then, turning to Sally, he said sorrowfully, "It was swell to have known the girl I thought you were. Good-bye."

He walked dejectedly from the house, leaving the two staring after him.

The next morning, soon after the bank opened, John was called into the office of his superior. Mr. Reeves was standing rather nervously by the window.

"Mr. Martin, Mr. Reeves tells me that . . ." began Mr. Alexander, the bank official to John.

"You needn't go into it, sir. I know what Mr. Reeves has told you."

"Is it true?"

"No," came the definite reply.

"Mr. Reeves, this is a very serious matter. Mr. Martin has been above suspicion in his work with us, and we

don't want to be unfair. Yet, if it is true that he has taken two thousand dollars out of your letter, we can't afford to keep him working here. Are you absolutely certain?"

"Yes," came the definite answer. "I haven't been able to reach Charles Forrest, as I told you. But his sister wrote me that she saw him put the money in the envelope, and that she mailed it for him. The postal authorities say that the envelope has been opened and resealed. John is the only person who has had the opportunity to touch it. He was alone in the room with the letter for almost an hour. So . . .so he had to do it."

"And yet . . . I didn't," John softly reiterated.

Mr. Alexander arose, walked to the window and stood looking around vaguely while he considered the problem which faced him. After a few minutes he walked back to his desk.

"Mr. Reeves, you have no doubt that he took the money?"

"None," came the weighty answer.

"Then there's only one thing I can do. John, you've done excellent work here, but the bank can't afford to employ a man under suspicion of theft. I'm sorry all this has happened, but we'll give you a month's pay instead of notice. And of course we can't give you a recommendation. We hope you'll get along all right."

John looked at him blankly and muttered several times to himself, "Fired!" Then, as he was about to leave the room, John turned to the man whose son-in-law he had hoped to be, and said, "Thank you for your great kindness, Mr. Reeves." The door closed softly behind him.

Days and weeks passed. John used all his small savings and his meager earnings for a very poor living. Without a recommendation he could not obtain another bank job, and he had had no other training. Thus, in a world that was demanding skill even in manual labor, John found very few jobs. These few paid almost nothing, but he was too proud to ask even for government relief; certainly he would not beg. Therefore, he found it increasingly difficult, to get enough just to live on.

One late afternoon Sally Reeves sat in the living room quietly reading the afternoon paper. The bright June days

were bringing in their traditional time of flowers and weddings. Summer was in the air and sunshine smiled on the world. Yet Sally wasn't interested in any of this. She seemed to be reading the paper merely to pass the time. Suddenly, however, she grew tense, and a look of amazement spread over her face as a low cry escaped her.

"No, no," she exclaimed. Then she slumped back and stared at the paper with a look of utter unbelief. She sat there for some time as though stunned. Then, as she heard her father come into the room, she jumped up and thrust the paper into his hand.

"Dad!" she cried hysterically. "Dad! Read that!" and before he could say anything she ran up the stairs.

Rather puzzled, Mr. Reeves followed her with his eyes; then he went back to the living room with the paper. As he read the short paragraph which Sally had indicated he too seemed to find it incredible. He began reading it a second time in a low voice:

"The body of John Robert Martin, former prominent young banker in this city, was found in Greenfield Park early this morning by a policeman. Physicians who examined the body stated that he died of malnutrition."

As Mr. Reeves finished the paragraph the paper slipped unnoticed from his fingers, and he sat staring off into space.

Months passed, and again the autumn leaves were rustling like taffeta as a man walked up the steps to the door of the Reeves' home. This man, however, was not young, nor did he have laughing hair and smiling eyes. Instead he was growing old; he had a red, weather beaten face and almost no hair. He seemed to be tired. When the maid opened the door he went into the living room. A moment later Mr. Reeves entered.

"Charles!" greeted Mr. Reeves; "I'm so glad to see you. Did you have a good trip on your cruise this past year?"

The two men sat down and began to talk. After a little Charles stopped and said, "I'll give you this money now while I'm thinking about it. If I don't I might forget it."

"Money! What money?"

"The two thousand dollars I've been owing you for over a year now. I should

(Continued on page 6)

VISTAS



In a world of vanishing boundary lines, where distance dwindles in the spanning of oceans by cable and airway, where all countries are inextricably bound in a network of economic interdependence, and all peoples are subject to the waves of war hysteria that sweep from nation to nation—now more than ever before it is imperative that we think of ourselves as citizens not of our county or state or nation, but of the world.

Yet to most of us, people of other countries seem so far away that we find it hard to understand them. We have never seen our own homes go up in flames, our children brutally killed or starving, our men far away fighting with little hope of ever returning. How can we understand the countless numbers of women in Spain and China that are today experiencing these things? The fact that we, in our own tiny circle, are happy should not blind us to the suffering of people the world over.

Most of us frown in vague distaste when we think of the Russians. What do we really know about them? They are peasants, most of them, plain men and women with sad faces and work-roughened hands—flower-boxes in the windows of their unpainted one-room cottages. They know nothing about communism or the five year plan; only that in the summer they must begin working in the fields at two when the sun rises, and not stop until it sets at ten. They do not know anything about Christianity, but they do know how to love a child, a mother, a sweetheart, as well as any of us.

But it isn't only people from far away places that we don't understand. A lot of us have come from towns about half of whose population lived in the ugly, all-alike, little houses of the mill village. Have we any real sympathy for those lives, drab and often squalid, darkened by the shadow of a factory that means to them endless monot-

(Continued on page 12)



THE YEARLING

By Marjorie Kinnon Rawlings

Reviewed by MARGARET GAILLARD

INTO every boy's life there comes a moment when ceasing to be a boy may be a tragedy like dying. The story of that moment was never more sympathetically told than by Mrs. Rawlings in *The Yearling*.

The scene of the novel is the wild and beautiful "hammock" country of inland Florida. Here the frolicking, fighting frontiersmen are forever struggling against the raids of wild beasts, the encroachments of the tropical forest, and the loneliness of the swamps. Industrious, proud, self-sustaining, but illiterate, they meet the harsh experiences of life that make them a breed of Americans worth knowing.

The plot centers around twelve-year-old Jody, "the yearling," who is a member of one of these "hammock" country families, the Baxters. Besides Jody there is father Penny Baxter, a runty little man with the courage of a backwoodsman, and Ora Baxter, stout, vigorous wife to Penny and "ma" to Jody. Jody, only surviving child of the Baxters, is a Tom Sawyer of the scrub lands. Shy, freckled-faced, eager for adventure, and bubbling with enthusiasm, Jody presents a lovable character. Except for the little crippled and hunchbacked child, Fodderwing Forrester, Jody's only playmates were the wild animals of the forest. Touching is the friendship of Jody and the fawn, Flag, whom Jody took from the side of its dead mother. After Fodderwing's death, Jody becomes more attached to Flag. The book spans a year of this family's life, a year full of pathos, humor, drama, and beauty, building up to a tragic climax—the end of Jody's youth with the killing of Flag.

Other vivid and unusual characters in *The Yearling* are the Baxter's only neighbors, the Forresters, an unruly, swearing, drinking, bearded clan; Grandma Hutto, whose fiery temper discords with the femininity of her dainty figure; her sailor son Oliver, whose strange tales of his travels fascinate naive Jody; Ole Slewfoot, the wily bear, whose pursuit and final capture take on for Jody the daring of a quest for a legendary

monster; and the deer, bears, panthers, foxes, wolves, and rattlesnakes that are such an integral part of the background and story of *The Yearling*.

Mrs. Rawlings writes so vividly of this picturesque "hammock" country one cannot doubt for a minute the authenticity of any of the characters. The comedy provided by the Forresters, who would steal their neighbor's pigs and cheat them in bartering, but who would give their energies to save their neighbor's lives in times of need—stops the story from verging on tragedy. Their illiterate and profane use of English fits into their meager

lives and harsh surroundings. At times the story seems to falter into sentimentality, but who could doubt the moving strength and greatness of the description of the aftermath of the hurricane, of the violent death of beasts and varmints, of the plague of black tongue, and of the exciting bear hunt? Indeed this novel is poignant and human in its reality, bursting with the beauty of the physical background of the Florida scrub, and spiritually meaningful in the stirring scenes of everyday life. The reader experiences a unique sympathy for these people which adds a special quality to the novel.

SPECIAL

(Continued from page 4)

have sent it long ago, but . . ."

"But Charles, didn't you send it?"

"No, of course not. Before I went on my trip I wrote you a letter to send it. I even put the money in it and sealed it up. A few minutes after I sealed it I received a telegram saying that there was a place for me on the boat if I still wanted to go. So I used the two thousand for the trip then, and now I'll give you your money."

"What happened to that letter you wrote me?" asked Mr. Reeves.

"I don't know," Charles replied indifferently. "I suppose I left it on the table and my sister threw it away. Anyway, I haven't seen it since I pulled the envelope open . . . it hadn't even stuck tight . . . and took the money out."

He counted out the bills and then breathed in relief, "Now I'm out of debt."

As Mr. Reeves made no effort to take the money, Charles looked up. When he saw the white face of the other man, he exclaimed, "Mr. Reeves, are you sick? You'd better sit down."

"Just ring the bell over there and ask Carrie to bring me some water. I'm all right," he said heavily.

After Carrie had brought the drink, Charles spoke again, "If there's nothing I can do, I'll be going."

"All right, Charles. I'm glad you came, and you must be sure to come back," he said listlessly as his visitor was leaving.

For a long time Mr. Reeves sat looking helplessly at the money. Then he pulled from a drawer of his desk a small piece of newspaper and, after reading it, placed it beside the money. He was staring at them, completely stunned, when Sally walked into the room.

"Dad! What's the matter?" she asked, in alarm. "Are you sick?"

"No," he muttered low. "No, I'm not sick. But Charles . . . Charles just brought the money."

"What money, Dad?"

"The money we thought he sent in the special delivery a year ago," he replied with an unchanged voice.

"Dad!" she cried. "It wasn't even in that letter!"

"No," he answered tonelessly, not taking his eyes from the money, but thinking back to the day he had stood in Mr. Alexander's office and stated positively, "He did it."

Sally stood absolutely motionless, looking at the newspaper clipping and the money as if hypnotized by them. Then, picking the newspaper clipping up, she read in a low, monotonous voice, "Physicians state that he died of malnutrition." With a look in her eyes as if she were seeing through the paper, she repeated mechanically, "John Robert Martin . . . Jack . . . malnutrition . . . !"

Ah! Opera

LOUISE WADSWORTH



WELL, here we are . . . Let me help you with that . . . Hm-mm . . . Nice crowd. Where? Oh yes, I see her. Wonder why she's here . . . I said, 'Her purse is made of sheep's ear' . . . Yes, very rare . . . Glad I came? Of course. I've wanted to hear Moore Lilliponds since I was a child . . . You think she's younger than I? Ha, ha . . . Well, well . . . Well, I see Czechoslovaksky has trimmed his trite mustache . . . I say, 'They've dimmed the light at last' . . . Oh yes, very exciting . . . Yes, I know the story . . . Ah-h-h-h -

I'll say I know the story. I know every sentence, every phrase, every pause, in the entire opera! Even a granite wall could have gotten something out of that ten-hour singing explanation you gave me on the way up here. Honest, Dizzy old boy, how did this woman ever drag you to a function like this blow-out? Ain't it awful!

Ha, ha . . . Awful nice . . . Yes, it is. I just don't see how she does it.

I oughta be shot for these lies. Of course I know how she does it. That hoop skirt probably has a cage of rats tacked on the inside. Every time one of the dear little things tickles, the prima dona hits a high one. I simply can't account for the low notes . . . unless maybe she lived on a farm all her life and learned cow language. I just somehow n'other can't catch on to women. Just look at thiss'on beside me. Could ya imagine a little scratch like that, dragging a big ox like me to this bull fight! What did it? I ask you . . . what did it? I know I swore last night I would bring her, but m'gosh, I didn't know she really meant that she wanted to come. I didn't think people actually came in the flesh to things like this. Too much leisure time on their hands. Poor cracks! They ought to be at home in bed. Well, one thing sure—eternity will have ended when this song is over.

Inspiring? . . . Well yes, it was . . . Yes, I thought so too . . . Let's see—now just which note are you speaking of?

Oh, *that* one! Sure I remember. I thought it *was* just a little—just a trifle weaker than the others. Maybe she gave out of breath . . . Oh, she couldn't, aye? Ever been hit in the med-section by a punt? Oh, forget it. I merely said 'To anyone sitting down there in the middle section, this must sound punk!' Of course not! . . . Why of course the music isn't junk . . . You don't understand . . . Ah, she's singing again . . . Yes, I think it's divine.

I think it's divine. Dizzy, stop it. That stuff divine! Oh, heaven! Listen at that man bellow. I wish I could get up the nerve to yell "Quiet please" right in his face. Oh baby! Now wouldn't that be divine. Ooops! there's that adjective again. You'd think a fellow my age wouldn't fall for that 'divine' stuff . . . Oh mercy!—listen at that fool roar. I yelled that way once—just once. It was on my uncle's ranch in Texas. Ah-h . . . I never see that bull now without admiring him. The nerve of a mere animal to charge at a man with my strength. Whatta bull; whatta bull! I'll never forget that lofty feeling I had sitting there on his horns, and how crushed I was when he trampled on my—doggone that animal! I betcha if an opera scout had heard me hit that high H when those horns made contact, I'd be drawing a fat check from the Metapolligon. I can hear me singing to a packed house now: "Oh lo-le-la - garcon, garcon, tout de suite - ah, mi, mi, mi."

Oh, excuse me. I'm sorry. This cold of mine, you know, gets my throat in a twist now and then. Oh, just now and then—never very often—just frequently . . . Sorry . . . Yes, he is wonderful. Yes, they *do* make a darling couple . . . Oh, now you don't *really* think they are married, do you? Well, I don't know exactly why I think they aren't . . . Maybe one reason is that flirty look she just gave him . . . I said she forgave him—the dirty crook! . . . I'm not getting excited . . . No, I'm not . . . Well, of course those people yelling down there on that stage do get

you rather worked up. No, I didn't say yelling, sweetheart—I said—oh, what does it matter! Say, will you excuse me a moment? . . . Where am I going? . . . Just to send a few rosebuds back stage.

Land-lord! I'm glad to get out of that place! Even if I am stuck here in a ¼ by ½ exit, it's better than looking at that pen of squeeling pigs . . . Cigarette, come to papa . . . Whew! . . . Hitlermussolini! I believe intermission is upon us. Dizzy, my son, back to the little woman you must go. Six more hours now and this battle of lungs will be o'er. What if you do come out with battered ear drums, bats in the belfry, and finger nails in your palms—you pleased that giddy little butterfly that enticed you here, didn't you? Okeh then—brace up, boy.

Hello—back again . . . Did I do what? . . . Send what? Send rosebuds? What are you talking about—oh, rosebuds! . . . Oh, well, why didn't you say so? Sure, sure I sent them. Nice big red ones . . . Yeah, gorgeous things . . . Dear, dear—close your ears, we're fixing to start up again. I said 'Give three cheers—they're at it once more!'

Well, Miss Lilliponds, how's life treating you in this here third act? Not so good, huh? Aw, poor kid. Has somebody done gone and got your lover? Tut, tut. Tell 'em about it, babe.

Say, what's that thing that keeps on ringing? Couldn't by any chance be me head! Heaven be praised—it's drowning out that singing—ho-hum . . . umph . . . Great Scotts . . . the telephone! Allah—it wasn't real after all . . . oh, the glory in knowing it was all a dream! Hot jumping pole vaulters . . .

Hello . . . Hello, Sweet . . . No, I was busy doing some over-sleeping . . . Yeah, lots of fun . . . You can't understand me? Well, get up close to the phone . . . What? . . . Go where?—opera? . . . OPERA? . . . Is that what you said? . . . Oh, nothing . . . oh, what . . . Yeah, sure it will . . . Okeh, okeh . . . About eight? . . . Sure . . . S'long.

Well, I'll swear.

Scribes' Page

DRAGON

*Haunting me into the heart of each night
And scraping my thoughts with its
scales,
Breaks on my torpor in ghastly tongued
light
Conscience thrashing its tails.*

—M. G., '39

SANCTITY

*God, leave me these to pray to
When other things are gone:
The loveliness of twilight and of
midnight and of dawn—
The sob of wind in pine trees—
Water over rocks—
And something somewhere in the world
That never mocks.*

—A. P., '40

YOU

*A white cloud chasing 'cross a wintry
moon
Reminds me, dear, of you.
When someone hums a long forgotten
tune
It sings to me of you.
The sun aglow behind those tall, dark
trees—
So ends my day with you.
The measured, pounding beat of restless
seas—
My heart is crying, "You!"
A breath of honeysuckle, sweet and
strong—
Another day with you.
There are a world of things in my life's
song
Reminding me of you.*

—D. S., '39



BROKEN SONG

*You came
And flung upon my bed
Fragments of sun,
Slate silver for the moon's alter.
Then I saw your singing falter
And with the crash of stars
Your bars of beauty fell
Before me—
On my knee I held your life.*

—L. L., '40

RELEASE

*Stars go out
In a wash of dark rain.
The moon drips
Slow tears on my window pane

And is gone.
The wet and shining street
Is peace to me
After the stars' pulsing heat.*

—J. K., '40

MUSIC OF THE AGES

*Upon soft needles I recline.
My heart sings with the breeze.
In Nature's hall I listen to
God's symphony of trees.*

—L. W., '39

A FEW FRAGMENTS OF FANTASY

*For her I dream all gentle things:
Soft snow evenings,
Grey elf-wings;
Heat of earthy, sun soaked grass,
Leaded mile posts as you pass.*

*Sand, and a sky of dirty blue,
Stars, a fish-net of silver knots.
Land, and a wind of out-worn words—
Sea, a tide of scummy spume.*

*If I could give you warmth of the sun
In shadow-dusted night,
And give you eyes a phantom spun
In crystal filtered light—*

—L. L., '40

DEBT

*We are the ghosts of dreams
Born in another's eyes.
We are the shadow schemes
Of other lives.*

*The child that breathes the days,
Awake, insatiate,
For mother love repays
Dreams reincarnate.*

—J. K., '40

Mold

JOYCE TURNER



TANDING before her mirror, the sunlight streaming into the room, Cherry felt a strange exultation pulling at her heart. Slowly, precisely, almost hesitantly she gazed at her image in the glass. It was still good, still trim, the way he used to admire it—not bulgy like most matrons of thirty-five or so. But then most matrons hadn't had the cares that she had had. No, she must never forget that . . . She was luckier than most—or was she? At any rate her face and figure never showed any signs of unhappiness if she had ever really felt any. Maybe around the eyes there was just the tiniest trace sometimes. Yes, there definitely was. Cherry stopped and gazed hard at her face. There it was—that look that broke through the perfect disguise her body had constructed. It had to come out somewhere, she thought as she turned to the open casement. Seventeen years of longing, of dreaming, of repression couldn't inflict themselves upon a life without leaving some hint of their presence. They could no more be forgotten than those brief months of loving.

Strange, she thought, how one so desperately in love as she had been with Larry Ashmore, could have ever found peace with Claude—good, dependable Claude. And yet, she supposed she had found peace. That is, if one could define peace as having plenty of food, wearing beautiful clothes, being seen in just the correct places at precisely the correct time—and most of all, of being adored by a smart man of the world. Yes, if this were peace, then she had certainly found it. Strange too how after so many years, Larry should shatter this very peace that she had despised so.

Cherry felt a sudden chill in the atmosphere, as the realization swept over her again. He was coming here tonight. Larry Ashmore was coming here to her own house. She would see him, feel his presence, perhaps touch him. Why had Claude insisted on bringing him? Why, she couldn't meet him. What would she say—do? How should she act? It was too terrible for her husband to bring her

former lover here to taunt her. Did Claude want to test her—to let her compare him to Larry? It was dreadful—like an auction sale.

Larry was working for Claude now. Wasn't that funny? Cherry gave a stifled hysterical laugh and ripped a button from her gold lame negligee. Larry—romantic and idealistic—working as a cub reporter for fifteen a week. It was too amusing.

Tonight Claude would want his answer. She was sure of that. He would give her this last test to find where her heart really was. If the answer was no, then Claude would clear out—Reno probably. She'd be all alone, and even though Larry hadn't married, how would she know that he even desired her—or would have her? If the answer was yes, then she should be forced to love Claude more, much more—and forget Larry.

Slowly Cherry ran her hand over the arm of the Chippendale—smooth, glossy, refined—no ugly marks or scratches. Cherry shuddered. Could this be like her life? Would life curve her ideals, her manners, and even her heart to a pattern—a strict correct pattern? Would her real self always be gently stifled and pressed down, until there was only a pretty, empty piece of humanity slowly waiting for a beautiful death?

How far apart peace and happiness really were. Mother had always said them—these two words—in the same breath.

How strange and sad that her peace was seventeen years away from that brief happiness. Undoubtedly there had been peace in her life with Claude—sometimes almost maddening peace. Especially those nights she had lain awake thinking—bitterly—of how happy life had been a long, long time ago when there was no peace—stuffy plodding peace to tease her brain.

Abruptly she walked out through the casement to the balcony. The tall pine at her fingertips caressed the afternoon with a swish of its green skirt. Out across the inlet of the bay a ball of flame sank lower and lower until finally it

dipped playfully into the lake. Cherry felt those years, long years of struggle, slip from her so easily—like the setting sun into the lake.

She was young again—barely eighteen—tall and lovely with auburn hair flying in the salt moist tropic breeze. She dug her toes into the sand. It was such soft, pliant sand. A muscular arm caught her at the waist and quickly turned her, laughing, around. She remembered so easily now those straight lips and deep blue eyes. She recalled vaguely saying, "Larry dear, why so serious? After all this is the night of our engagement party. Certainly you should look happy about it." Playfully she rumbled his hair. "I shan't accept your old ring tonight if you darken the happiest day of my life with a frown."

"Cherry, don't. You've got to listen to me. Let's walk down to the old barge and talk. There's something you must know."

It had been so exquisitely perfect seated there on the worn wood with Larry beside her. The water had seemed so cool and clean—so utterly a part of her, with all its calm assurance. She thought it was strange that Larry seemed so quiet, so reluctant to talk. Why, how could he be serious today of all days? Why she was in seventh heaven. She felt she could even reach a star and wear it in her hair tonight. Tonight she and Larry were going to announce their engagement after an eleven months romance—months of utter, abandoned happiness. Larry who had always been so devastating to all ladies had singled her out to be Mrs. Ashmore . . . Why didn't he talk—about them—instead of just sitting there . . . Wasn't he too, thrilled? Why . . . ?

Then like a knife those strange, horrid, words pierced the loveliness of the perfect evening.

"We can't go on with it, Cherry. I just found out today. I hated to hurt you—but . . ."

What was that Larry was saying . . . her Larry. Who adored her, worshipped her . . . was he teasing. What ghastly joke . . . ?

"Larry, please, don't tease tonight."

"No, Cherry I mean it. I'm afraid I don't love you enough to marry you."

Yes . . . yes . . . there it was again. It was true . . . it must be . . . There he was, Larry, telling her that he didn't love her, didn't want to marry her—like a stranger talking . . . Why it was a stranger . . . Her Larry would never say that . . . Why he . . . he . . . just couldn't. Larry loved her . . . or did he? . . . Of course he didn't . . . Hadn't he just said . . .

It had gone on and on for hours it seemed—Larry, dreadfully ashamed, embarrassed trying desperately to make her understand; and she hurt, humiliated, refusing to believe, and then in a rush of realization seeing all too clearly. It hadn't made sense then . . . she had been so young and sensitive. She hadn't realized that there ever could have been another. And yet, there had been . . . so evidently. The moon had not quite cleared the bank when it had been good-bye for them both. Not a beautiful romantic goodbye, but a silly simple one. He had just murmured, "I'm sorry Cherry, but it's better we found out now, and I do wish you luck."

Then he had turned slowly and walked up the beach into another heart. How strange it had made her feel then . . . how unwanted . . . and yet how heroic. She had given him up nobly, she told herself, and yet there hadn't been much else she could have done.

Those years of trying to forget his swift, domineering way, his dashing, irresistible manner, the thousand thrilling compliments . . . those had been hard years—almost unbearable ones . . . and yet strangely comforting. Claude had been her bulwark when she had so needed one. He never demanded love, only an odd assortment of kindness and wifely interest. But she had known he had hoped for it once. She hadn't meant to marry on the rebound . . . she never admitted that she had. Claude loved her, happy in the hope that someday she'd find time to love him a little. She never felt that she had cheated Claude . . . not much anyhow. She had made him a beautiful, poised wife that easily had fitted into his strict social set. He was proud of her she knew. But she had led herself into believing that Claude had been satisfied with merely looking at the lovely vision and never quite reaching it.

Cherry in her own appraisal of him had forgotten that he was above all a man.

She would never forget the day Claude had begged for her love. He had known all along that she still loved Larry, yet he had married her.

Again Cherry attempted to analyze her feelings for the two men who were so deeply a part of her life. She knew that she respected Claude. She admired him; but then there was Larry, perhaps only a memory, but still possessed of the virility of life. Yes, there was Larry perhaps more so than Claude—Larry who had thrown her over for a lovely woman of the world.

The clock in the hall struck six. Cherry straightened. Why, in thirty minutes her guest would arrive. Larry would be here, and she must be the gracious hostess.

Her eyes travelled over the room. The ivory bed with its satin coverlet, the long gold drapes, the exquisite little vanity, the closet of Paris creations—Claude had loved her and had given her all these. Larry had loved her once but he had demanded back all he had given. Which one meant to her the most? She remembered the dinners, the parties, the clubs, the dances . . . correct people . . . somehow Cherry felt a stab at the thought of leaving all this.

Slowly she fingered through the clothes in the closet and carefully chose ice-blue satin . . . Standing before the long glass she let the dress slip over her smooth curved body.

"Yes," she thought, "this is a part of me, this glamour and glitter of society. I do love it. Somehow it wouldn't be me without it. A few moments ago I thought I hated it, but now . . . it all seems beautiful. I do have Claude, and I'm sure of his love. My home is secure and beautiful and well—it seems rather foolish to give it up for something so uncertain."

A crimson lipstick interrupted her thoughts. Slowly her cheeks brightened into a blush. The auburn hair was patted into deep waves.

"Definitely subtle and charming," smiled Cherry into the glass. "Larry will probably wish he hadn't been so hasty—"

With a quickened step to the door she turned suddenly and looked back at her little paradise. Yes, she thought, it was too much to sacrifice for a simple love. Darkness flooded the room, and the click-click of silver heels softened into silence.

SISTER EVE

(Apologies to Roark Bradford and Vachel Lindsay)

*Sister Eve wuz a-pickin' berries one day,
When de Lawd come along wid som'pin
to say.*

*"Heb yo'sef to de berries an' de peaches
too,*

*But stay out'n de apples whutever ye do.
Apples is scarce an' de price is high.*

An' I wanta mak sum money bye'n bye."

*Eve didn't lak apples an' Adam didn't
either.*

*De snake yared her tell de Lawd but
didn't bleev'er.*

*He slithered thu de grass til Sister Eve
seed 'im.*

*Then she tuk a rock an' 'lowed she wuz
gonna bleed 'im.*

*She thu de rock but it didn't hit de snake.
It hit de apple tree, an' it made hit shake.*

*Down come a apple, kerplump at her
feet—*

Round an' red an' juicy an' sweet.

*De hawgs would git it ef she let it lay,
So she tuk a littul bite on dat sinful day.*

*Didn't tas' lak much; so she tuk it down
to Adam.*

*Didn't tas' lak much; so she tuk it down
to Adam.*

*Didn't tas' lak much; so she tuk it down
to Adam.*

*Adam didn't wan' hit an' he tol' her so.
Eve got weepy an' de tears begin to flow.
She cried an' cried til Adam tuk a bite,
An' promis'd her a dress all red an'
bright.*

*De Lawd come along when she wore
dat dress.*

*He say, "Sister Eve, ye better up an'
'fess."*

Sister Eve 'fessed an' tole her tale.

She wuz a-tremblin' an' a-gittin' pale.

*De wrath uv de Lawd wuz a-waxin' hot.
He called de angel Gabri'l to put 'em on
de spot.*

*De gates wuz closed 'gainst Adam an'
Eve.*

Dey did de wrong thing an' had to leave.

Dey did de wrong thing an' had to leave.

Dey did de wrong thing an' had to leave.

—Barbara Davis

Somehow Muddle Through

ALICE PRICE



HE leaned forward, the light brought out a tired, defeated patience, queerly pitiful, on the old negro's face. A little bewildered he put up a hand to rub the grizzle of whisker on his cheek.

"But boss," he murmured uncertainly, "that's not enough to pay fo' last year's rations . . . or the mules . . ."

Across the kitchen table the white man looked back at him. "I know it's not," he said simply, and glanced down again to the account book, a great pity sweeping through him. "It wasn't your fault, Charlie. It's been a bad year. Everything was against you: the late spring, the rain, and the hail. You weren't the only one hurt. It hurt everybody."

The old negro shuffled his feet and sighed, lifting eyes aggrieved as a child's to the white man's face.

"Dat's whut's got me, boss. It ain't none o' our faults. Look lak 'twas jus' boun' to happen. You did de bes' you could do, an' I did de bes' I could do, an' still we couldn' come out. It ain't lak we didn't work. If I was saltin' away five hund'ed dollars in de bank tomorrow, I wouldn't 'a' worked no harder, me an' my ol' 'oman an' my kids. An' we didn't even make enough to pay our ration bill." He was almost whimpering over the last few words. Days of work that ran into months passed before his eyes. Like a picture he saw the moist brown fields as he tramped them plowing in the spring. As he tramped them planting seed. As he tramped them hoeing, dripping wet under the hot sun, gloating over the strong young plants and planning for fall. As he cultivated them through the long, sweaty summer. As he tramped them heartsick that day in early August after the hailstorm, and looked at the rows of stalks cut clean of leaves and fruit. As he tramped them in September, sorrowfully, gathering the scrappy, damaged bolls.

"It pure disheartens me, boss. It jus' takes the fight plumb out o' me. Tain't lak if I didn't try. If I hadn't tried, it wouldn't get me down none. But I work

ed . . . my folks worked . . . an' it didn't do no good. Used to be I could see my way ahead an' try again. But now I'm gettin' old. I jus' can't see my way." His voice trailed off.

"Poor devil," the white man thought. "I'll let him bet it out of his system . . . After he put it all on me he'll feel better—and I'll feel worse. I know I'll have to see him through. I can't let him starve. And he knows it too, the rascal. That's why he's putting up this sad tale. All the same, he has had a rough year."

Querulously Charlie continued. "I likes to pay my way . . . likes to pay my debts, an' have my mules, an' buy de ol' 'oman a new dress or two. I hates to be

wouldn't have put you there if I'd known you were going to quit. I don't want any quitters working for me." His voice held a delicate edge of scorn. Then seriously he continued, "You're too good a farmer, Charlie, to think you can get ahead by quitting. I put too much confidence in you to think you'd do that. You ought to make money on that place if you stay there and work. That's good land you're on; you haven't given it a chance."

"Yassuh, it show is good land," the negro agreed. "De crops jes' grows an' grows. If hit hadn't 'a' been fo' de weather I'd 'a' made money dis year." Brightening, he continued, "It show do hurt me fo' you to be talkin' dis way to me an' callin' me a quitter, suh. An' you won't be de only one." His eye took on a speculating look. "Since you talks dat way I'm 'most a mind to stay. De ol' 'oman she want to. If we could do a little somethin' 'bout dem bill out agin me . . ." he looked hopefully at the boss.

"I'll be glad for you to stay, Charlie. I hate to have a new negro out there. It's all right about your bills. You couldn't help that. Last year was a bad year; I think this year will be better. Of course I don't know, but it looks like prices are going up, and they say the weather will be better. It ought to be a good year."

"Yassuh," the darky agreed. Twiddling his hat in his fingers he continued: "Den—if it's agreeable to you boss, I'll try it another twelve month. Ought to be a good year dis year." He lifted his chin and squared his shoulders, looking ahead to the future.

"All right, good! That's the stuff!" the boss agreed. In his mind flickered the thought: "That means I'm saddled with him for life. And times are hard. This year will probably be worse than last. Drought maybe. Or insects. Or something new, worse than either. And money's scarce. But I can't go back on him—or the others. I can't let them starve. We'll pull through somehow." Unconsciously he squared his tired shoulders. His eyes looked straight ahead, quiet, focussed somewhere in the distance.

The room was still. . . .

SUBTLE STILLNESS

*Two slender cedar heads
Beyond a tangled web of weeds,
Bright flowers, growing seeds,
Two pairs of unmatched trees,
Corn tassels, butter beans and peas—
Distant fields of living green,
Dark outlined trees against a
Cloudless, brilliant sky,
Motionless they stand—
A living painted canvas.*

—Mary Nell Sampley

all time movin', movin'. Movin' ev'ry year don't do you no good. De niggers lose respect fo' you, and want to know what de matter, an' de white folks lose respect fo' you too; only dey don't say nothin'. An' once you's started movin', you's started down. You can't never make no crop movin' ev'ry year. I likes to get me one place an' stay dere." He sighed dolorously, shuffled his feet, and relapsed into silence.

"He's coming to the point," the man thought. "Well, I'll play his way."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Charlie. You can't ever get on your feet running around. And I'll tell you the truth—when I put you on that place, I thought you were a better sticker than this. I

The Humiliating Umbrella

HELENE ANDREWS



I AM AN awkward creature. My clumsy, gawky arms and legs are always getting me into embarrassing predicaments. If I'm not bumping into my companions, I'm stumbling over their feet, or turning bottles of ink over on them. Now stumbling over someone else is tragic; but stumbling over oneself is more than tragic. Alas! I am guilty of both. Oh well, perhaps God will grant me gracefulness in my old age.

But to continue, probably the most embarrassing situation into which my stumbling feet have ever led me was this "umbrella episode." I've lived all my life in the country. To reach the little school on the hill, I had to walk a fraction of a mile through a meadow, wait a fraction of an hour at the crossroads, and ride for several fractions of an hour in a bumpy, old school bus. On rainy mornings I was always in a hurry. I would clutch my books with one hand and hold, or try to hold if it were windy, my umbrella in front of me with the other.

On a certain rainy, windy morning in October of my fifteenth year, I started across the meadow at a terrific speed. Then one of my clumsy walking appendages tripped up on the other, and down I fell. When I recovered from the shock, I seemed to be reclining half upon my umbrella, partly upon my books, and partly upon a patch of "swamp grass." Fortunately, since I am susceptible to colds in October, I was carrying a large handkerchief. As huge as this handkerchief usually seemed it was entirely too small for my dire needs on this occasion. I am sure that no inch of my being was free from the unsightly splashes of mud. Frantically I began an attempt to give myself a soapless (also hopeless) bath. My handkerchief shortly resembled the Ocmulgee.

When I picked up my umbrella, to my dismay I found that it had several broken ribs, giving it a stream-lined ef-

fect. The back sloped gently and the front jumped off in a perfect nose dive. Now stream-lining in your car is quite fashionable—but who ever heard of a stream-lined umbrella? Carrying such a contraption could hardly add to my appearance—except comically. But if I left it here I would reach school looking like a drowned hen. So I pocketed my pride and held the umbrella—if one might still call it that—in front of me again. Then I proceeded through the meadow.

My real problem presented itself when I reached the crossroads. Of course it would be easy enough to hide my unusual umbrella after I boarded the bus. But how could I keep the people in passing cars from laughing in my face?

Now I'm a sensitive creature as well as an awkward one. Whenever anyone talks about me or laughs at me, especially

behind my back, the queerest feeling runs up and down my spine; so naturally my present predicament was a sore trial.

Far down the road a car—or was it a box, I thought hopefully—appeared. Frantically I looked around for a tree large enough to hide me and my paraphernalia. There were only scraggy southern pines. Why couldn't Georgia produce something with a little less length and a little more width?

Suddenly I thought of the perfect solution! Or was it perfect? Anyway it might work. Quickly I turned the broken part of the umbrella so that it would be behind my head. Then, as the car passed, I turned it the other way so that if passengers should happen to look back they would see nothing strange about my rain-shield.

It was simplicity itself until suddenly a car came from each direction. There was no time for the invention of a new piece of strategy. I had to endure queer looks, smiles, and chuckles from the occupants of those cars. I was thankful that none of them was an acquaintance of mine. However, that little bit of thankfulness could not overcome my humiliation.

It has been said that necessity is the mother of invention. That statement might well read, "Humiliation is the mother of invention," for the next time cars came from each direction I was ready for them. I twirled the umbrella around and around. (This would, I hoped, convey to the passers-by the idea that I was slinging off water.) Since the umbrella was moving so fast and in circles, I thought it must seem like a perfectly respectable one to onlookers. At any rate I perceived no more smiles.

When the bus came I climbed on with an eagerness I did not usually experience at that hour of the day—so grateful was I for the ending of the most humiliating fraction of an hour I have ever spent.

VISTAS

(Continued from page 5)

ony, work unaccompanied by any feeling of aspiration or accomplishment, work that must almost make machines of the men who operate them?

When we read newspaper accounts of labor strikes, of air raids in war-stricken ares, of tariff walls, and of international ill-will—don't most of us easily shake off our momentary discomfort? Safe in a peaceful America, with no worry as to where the next meal is coming from, we can't conceive of anyone but ourselves as being quite real.

That is no spirit for youth today that must be the hope of the world tomorrow. Let us broaden our sympathies. Let them stretch from the Argentine to Siberia, from the North Sea to Japan, from coolie to king, from the rice fields to Wall street. Let us love the world of men our brothers.

—M. C., M. G.

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